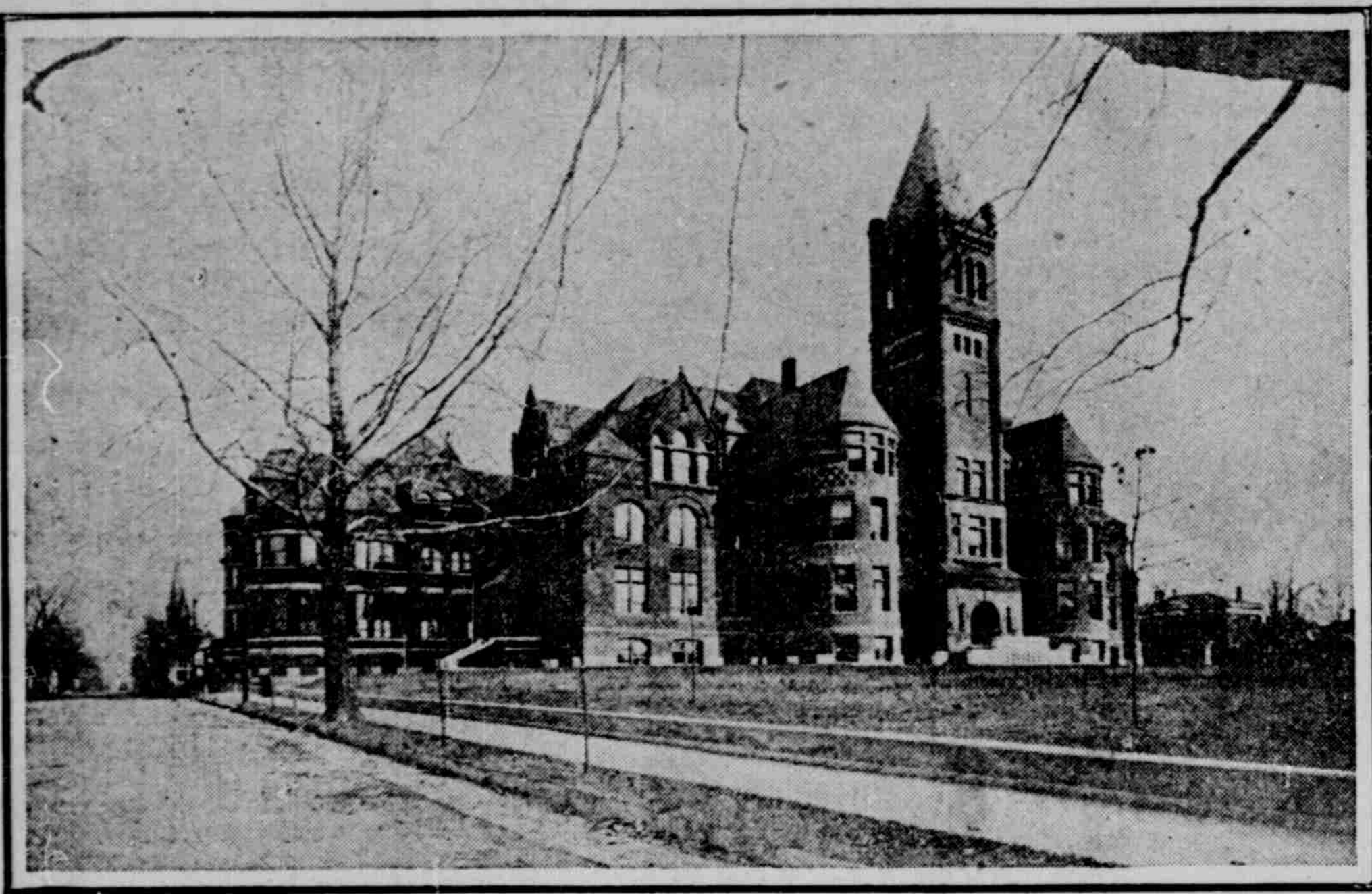


PRICE FIVE CENTS.

INDIANAPOLIS, SUNDAY MORNING, MAY 8, 1904.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.



Indiana State Normal at Terre Haute.

Terre Haute Is the Home of Two of the Greatest Educational Institutions in the State of Indiana

Indiana Normal School, Then a Doubtful Experiment, Opened Its Doors in 1870, and Has Had Wonderful Growth...Rose Polytechnic, Endowed by a Wealthy Terre Haute Citizen, has Sent Its Graduates to All Parts of the World

TERRE HAUTE is one of Indiana's educational centers, being the home of the State Normal and Rose Polytechnic schools. The Indiana Normal School, which was regarded as a doubtful experiment when it was opened, Jan. 6, 1870, is to have a new building by the beginning of the next school year in September, which will enable the school management to further the purpose of keeping the fountain source of the public school system of the State up to date in educational methods. It is to be used for a training school. Twenty-three students were present on that opening day, thirty-four years ago; this year the total number of students in the several terms will reach 1,400. Thirty-four years ago it was doubted that a school for the preparation of teachers for the public schools was necessary. Today it is readily recognized that it is necessary to prepare teachers not only to teach the common branches of thirty-four years ago, but manual training, music of high class, and gymnastics, or physical culture, as it is called in formal reference to Professor Kimmel's department. There has been a radical change of opinion as to the State's duty in regard to a normal school, and it is a fact that practically all this change has occurred in the past ten years. Until a comparatively

few years ago the Normal had to fight for its life at each biennial session of the Legislature. Since the opening day 24,000 different students have attended the Normal. Last year all except three of the ninety-two counties in the State were represented in the year's attendance. It is said to be an ascertained fact that teachers who had attended the Normal have taught in every one of the more than 1,100 townships in the State.



Carl Leo Mees, President of Rose Polytechnic

THE BASEMENT will be used for a manual training school, an entire new branch of the Normal. There has been a city district school in the main building, but the accommodations were scant. By the vacation of the rooms thus occupied the other departments of the Normal can be enlarged, and it is the intention to extend the courses on a number of subjects that students who elect to do so may carry on lines of high school study as far as required in teaching high schools. This will mean an addition of several professors to the faculty.

PRESIDENT OF THE NORMAL. President W. W. Parsons in a singular sense is the personification of the Indiana Normal School. He was one of the twenty-three students enrolled on the opening day in January thirty-four years ago and graduated in 1872. He taught school near Arcola, Ill., then was superintendent of schools at Gosport, Ind., for a year, going from there to the Indianapolis high school, where he taught for two years. In 1876 he came to the Indiana Normal as an instructor in English; three years later he was placed at the head of the department and in 1885, on the retirement of President George P. Brown, he was elected president. That year there were 700 students. Ten years later the number was 1,300 and that it has not still further increased has been solely due to the fact that the attendance was up to the capacity. The standard of admission and the course of instruction have been raised and the preparation of teachers is such that they find no difficulty in getting schools of higher grades. The demand on the Normal for teachers in the past few years has been far beyond the supply. President Parsons has the rare combination of executive ability and the quality which puts an instructor in harmony with the student. Naturally in these years his acquaintance in the State has become widespread. There is hardly a township he has not visited; certainly there is not a cross-roads school district where he is not known by reputation if not personally to someone. He has been delivering lectures at county teachers' institutes for many years. As for that, a number of members of the faculty have been instructors at these institutes and in this way have kept closely in touch with the common schools of the State.

SOCIAL SIDE OF SCHOOL. The social side of life at the Indiana Normal is made attractive in various directions. The classes have their own societies, with regular meetings of a semi-social nature. The Y. M. C. A. and the Y. W. C. A. have large memberships. The latter association has furnished a large house, which is used as a dining hall and rooming place for women of the school, and it is under the supervision of Miss Mary J. Anderson, of the faculty.

THE Y. M. C. A. has arranged for a series of addresses by representative professional men on their respective professions. This spring, for the first time, a brass band has been organized. The chorus of the school for years has been the only musical organization. It is taught by Miss Parr, who is

CHANGES IN STUDENTS. To the older residents of Terre Haute nothing has been more noticeable than the changes in the character of students. The school authorities are well aware of it, of course, from knowledge of what has been done in raising the standard of instruction but the outward indication of the change in the demeanor and appearance of the students. There was a time when the term "Normal Jay" was heard; that time has passed. Perhaps no better idea of the advancement in the standard of the public schools of the State could be had than in the story of the attendance at the Normal. A large majority of the students have had no less experience teaching in the schools.

THE ATTENDANCE at the present spring term is about eleven hundred, and of these more than half were not here at the term which closed in March, because they were teaching in the township schools, whose school year ends in that month. By attending the spring term and the special summer school of six weeks they are able to take the full course, but sometimes as long as seven years is required to do it. In this way there are passing through the Normal young men and women who bring with them the atmosphere of the school rooms of the state of Indiana. What the Terre Haute residents notice in the demeanor and appearance is the outward indication of the intellectual and cultural conditions of the Indiana schools. The advanced ideas in the common schools include physical culture to an extent that is not fully appreciated.

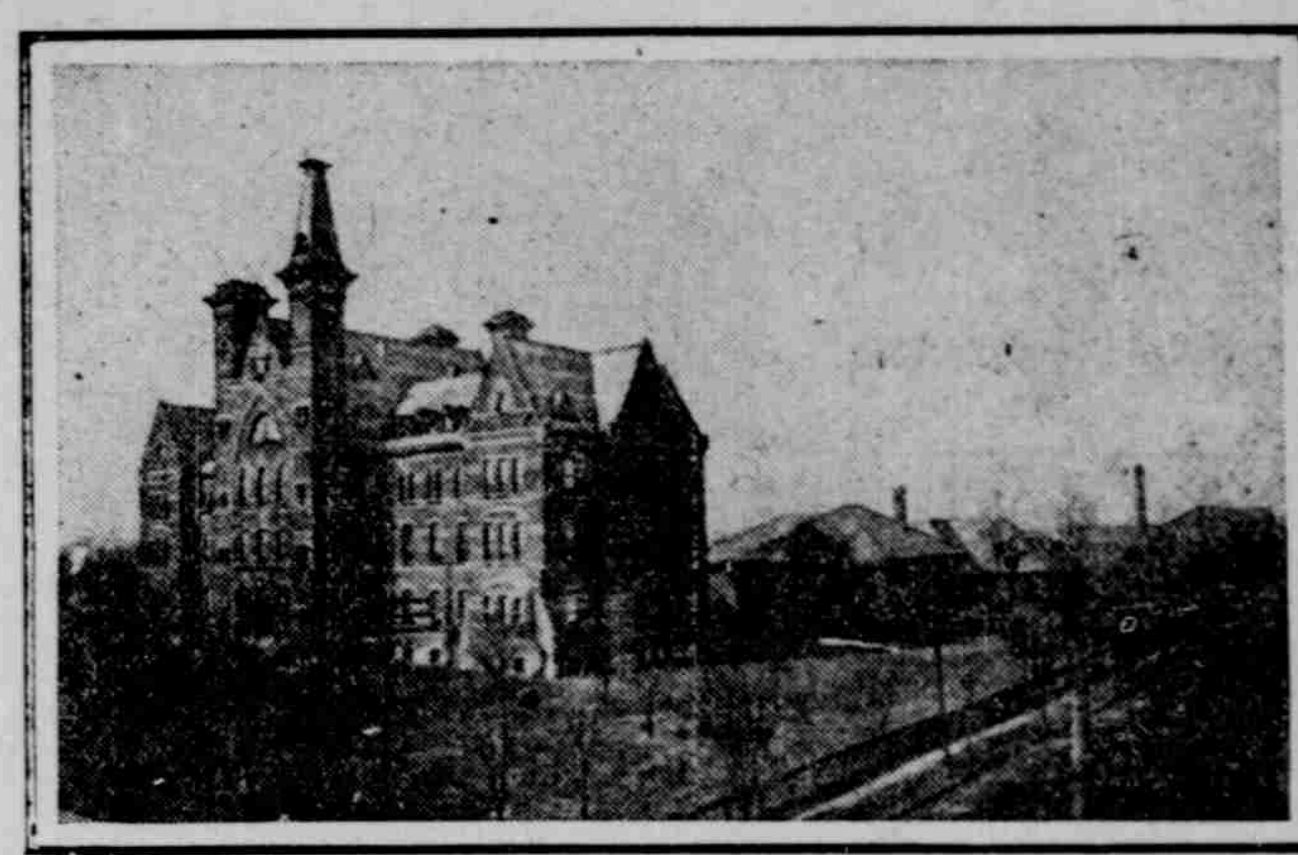
THE INDICATION of it was felt at the Normal this spring as never before. Professor Kimmel found among the new students a number of trained athletes fit for the track and field events. They had received these accomplishments at the country school.

BIG FIRE IN 1888. In 1888 when the Legislature created a State Normal School the act required the board of trustees to locate the school in the town which should make the best bid in cash or buildings. Terre Haute was the sole bidder, with \$20,000 of land, \$50,000 in cash and the city obligated to stand one-half the expense forever of repairs, insurance, etc.

IN APRIL, 1888, the building, with the library, apparatus, furniture—everything that had been accumulated in eighteen years—was destroyed by fire. Terre Haute at once gave \$50,000 toward a new building fund and the Legislature appropriated \$100,000. In 1892 a new building to adjoin the main building on the northeast was authorized by the Legislature at a cost of \$50,000 to be used for the library, gymnasium and reception hall.

THIS BUILDING, like the main one, is four stories in height, 100x100 feet and architecturally in harmony with the larger building. The new training school building, work on which began last week, is to adjoin the main building on the southeast, and, like the library building, will be in harmony with the main structure. It will cost \$75,000. The Legislature voted \$50,000, but the school revenues have been increased by raising the special tax from 1.20 to 3.10 of a mill, and the excess cost to be paid from the regular allotment from tax collections.

FOR TEN YEARS President Parsons had been planning for this building, but since he first took executive charge of the school he had to meet other pressing obligations, until now when the school is believed to be amply provided with funds to do all the work he has had in mind for years. The new building will have sixteen large classrooms for the Model Training School, which will be composed of one of the city's graded schools, with full attendance of pupils.



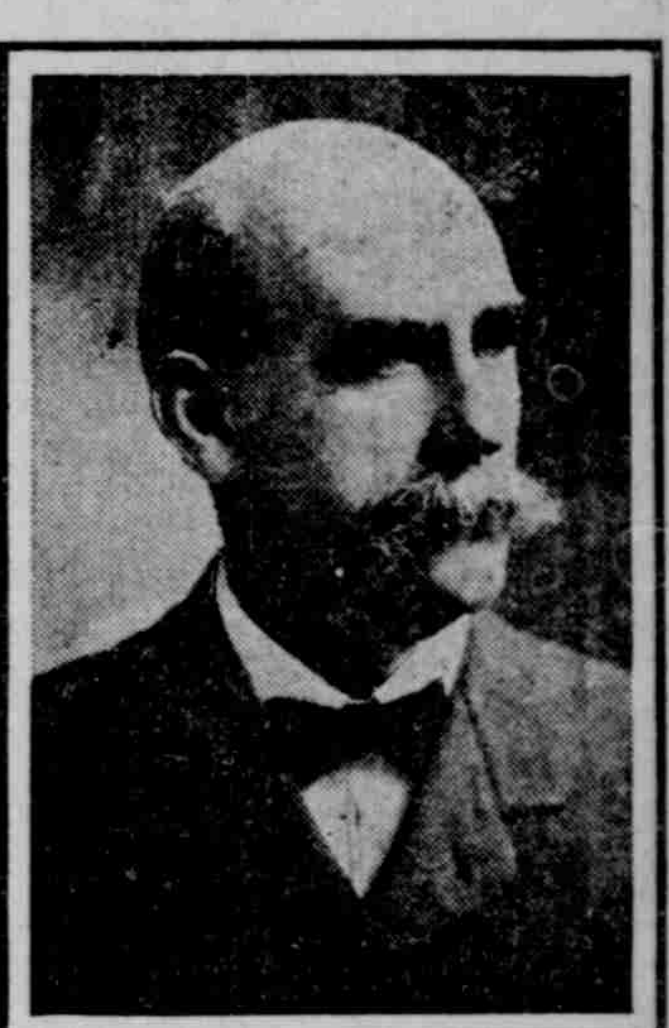
Rose Polytechnic Institute at Terre Haute

at the head of the department of music, and under its auspices several high-grade concerts are given, with musical talent from other cities taking part. The teaching of music at the Normal has been of such character that twice the graduating class has given an opera as the class-day exercises, the performance being in the Grand Opera House, with full score and elaborately staged and costumed. It is a disputed question as to whether there is to be class-day exercises next June. The class-day exercises, as a pretentious performance, began only within the past ten years, but the several productions of Shakespearean plays and the singing of operas set a standard which causes some members of the present class to hesitate, not so much because of doubt that the more than one hundred graduates of this year are incapable of maintaining the standard, but because it is felt that it is too much of display and expense. One suggestion is to use the several hundred dollars the class spends on the production for the purchase of a memorial to be placed in the school building.

ROSE POLYTECHNIC HEADS LIST. A few years ago a communication in a New York newspaper alluded to the number of graduates of a famous technical school who were holding responsible positions for which they had been especially prepared in that school. This brought communications from friends of other schools, and as a result of the showing it was found that Rose Polytechnic, of Terre Haute, stood at the head of the list. Long before the annual graduating exercises at Rose President Carl Leo Mees receives applications from managers of large industrial enterprises offering positions to the graduates. By its product the school has become known to men who have work for mechanical, civil and electrical engineers or chemists or architects. At Rose technical is the first, last, and perhaps, too much so, the only consideration. When a young man leaves Rose he knows his branch as thoroughly as he could have learned it at any technical institute in the country. In a sense it is a narrow education, but the graduate at once goes into the world of affairs, and if there is anything in him he broadens quickly. That many have done so is proved by their advancement in industrial pursuits.

THAT ROSE should have maintained itself and its prestige is much to the credit of the early work done at the school, which

have become numerous. In the early days of Rose it was about the only institute for the higher education of young men in engineering west of the Allegheny mountains. Now there are not only a number of such special institutes, such as the Armour Technical Institute at Chicago and the Bradley Institute at Peoria, but other colleges and universities have established technical branches, such as Purdue University brings more students than can be accepted. Since the school was established what might be called competitive schools



W. W. Parsons, President of the Indiana Normal

versity, where there is a free course, which enters into competition with Rose particularly. The endowment of Rose was considered large when it was made, but Armour and Bradley have much larger, and Purdue may be said to be endowed with the wealth of Indiana. Still, Rose, going along with even less revenue than twenty years ago, when its endowment fund brought larger returns in interest money, is prominent.

SCATTERED BROADCAST. In a list of the alumni by State the significant locations are seen at once, as, for instance, a dozen or more are at Schenectady, which means they are with the great electrical supply company located there. About twenty are at Pittsburgh with the great industrial plants in that city. Twenty are in New York city. Chicago has fifty. A dozen are in St. Louis. In these and other cities they have their "Tech" clubs, and the young men are daily advertisements of their alma mater.

When Chauncey Rose, the man who built the Terre Haute & Indianapolis road, the lesser company of the Vandavia system, began making endowments he gave to Rose Polytechnic what was thought to be an ample amount for the kind of an institution he had in mind. Mr. Rose wanted to teach young men to take a locomotive apart and be more skilled than the men at the throttle on his railroad. That the scope and purpose of the institute was changed and enlarged was due to the changed conditions in engineering life. Mr. Rose founded the school in 1874. It was not opened until 1876, sixteen years after his death. The capacity of 125 students at that time was large for a technical institute, but the board of managers and President Mees would very much like to enlarge it several times over. The only reason they do not is because they have not the means. The revenue from tuition fees is small. No fee is charged Terre Haute students, and only \$25 for those from outside Mr. Rose's home city.

Candidates for admission to Rose Polytechnic must be sixteen years of age, but the average of those entering is eighteen. The first year is too strenuous for the sixteen-year-old youth. As a matter of fact, the policy is to make that first year a trying-out experience. The theory of the management is to weed out in the first year those who possibly would fall down later in the four years' course, to the end that the youth may enter another school where the course is not so trying on him. The result of this policy is that with seventy-five and eighty the limit entering as freshmen, about two-thirds go into the sophomore year. A graduating class of twenty-five is large. It is the policy of the survival of the fittest.

THIRTY STATES REPRESENTED. About thirty States are represented in the yearly attendance. The alumni of upward of 300 are to be found in nearly every State in the Union and as several are in foreign countries, 80 per cent. are engaged in engineering work proper, 12 per cent. are managers of businesses in which knowledge of engineering is necessary; 3 per cent. are professors of engineering and mathematics and 2 per cent. are engaged in such pursuits as patent lawyers, etc., for which technical knowledge is required.

Rose Polytechnic students are encouraged by the school authority to take part in athletic sports, but not as an advertisement of the school. The students sometimes have complained that they were not permitted enough hours after practice on the diamond or gridiron or that reason could not make a satisfactory showing in the State intercollegiate games. It was ascertained that a few years ago Rose students had half the time for practice that players of an Indiana college had, whose limit was next to theirs. The use of athletics, therefore, at Rose is for the benefit of the individual rather than for the glory of flying an intercollegiate pennant. The past year the school has gone in for music and with a glee club, a mandolin club and an orchestra has done much for pleasure and pastime.

W. O. F.

Terre Haute, May 1.

The Viking's Skull A Tale of a Mystery and Its Solution

By JOHN R. CARLING

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[Chapter II. Continued from Yesterday.] The reliquary itself, apart altogether from the consideration of its contents, had something gruesome about it. Though the exterior carvings were medieval in character, Godfrey, who was somewhat of a connoisseur on wood, had felt, when surveying the chest at the entrance hall, that it was far more ancient than the middle ages; with that durability peculiar to cypress wood, the chest might have seen the classic days of Greece; differing little in shape from an Egyptian mummy-case, it might have held the embalmed remains of a Rameses; nay, its antiquity perhaps antedated the very pyramids themselves!

He had ample leisure for these reflections, for the viscount, having once seated himself, seemed loth to move forward again.

At last, pulling out a spirit flask, Ivar took a deep draught, and, rising to his feet, produced a key with which he unlocked the door of the picture gallery.

Then, lifting the reliquary by means of a silver ring affixed to the lid, he proceeded to traverse the entire length of the hall, dragging his burden with him.

Godfrey, who was no stranger to the place, surmised that the viscount's journey was almost at an end, since the gallery terminated in a room from which Ivar would have no egress, except by the same door that he was now approaching.

The viscount's first act on entering the room was to close the door. Upon this Godfrey glided swiftly forward, and falling upon one knee, endeavored to obtain a glimpse of the interior by applying his eye to the keyhole. In this he was thwarted by the key in the lock, and though the key was on his side of the door, he hesitated to remove it, lest the sound should attract Ivar's attention.

Godfrey could detect no light within the chamber, and therefore he assumed that Ivar must have extinguished his taper.

Why? Godfrey placed his ear to the door. No sound came from within. If the room contained an occupant, that occupant was motionless, or, if moving, was moving silently and in the dark.

Then suddenly it occurred to him that perhaps Ivar had quitted the chamber by a secret exit known only to himself.

Godfrey grew perplexed, impatient. In standing thus inactive he was losing the chance of discovering the viscount's secret. Still, Ivar might be within, and the surmise seemed it imprudent to push open the door.

A way of solving the difficulty presented itself. He suddenly turned the key in the lock, clicking it loudly, to the end that, if Ivar were really within, he could not fail to learn that he was now a prisoner.

Godfrey listened. There was no cry of surprise; no hasty rush of feet to the door; no movement at all. After waiting a few moments, he came to the conclusion that the room was untenanted.

He turned the key and pushed open the door.

Aided by a subdued light, tender and dreamy, that stole through a latticed casement, he had visible proof that the chamber was devoid of anything in human shape. The cypress chest had also vanished.

No way of egress was visible save by the window; but Ivar had not made his exit by this, as the state of its fastenings clearly showed. His disappearance was obviously due to the existence of some secret passage.

Godfrey, loth to turn back now that he had come thus far, resolved to make an examination of the room, even at the risk of being discovered by the returning Ivar.

He began his search with the fireplace. Surely some propitious fairy was directing his steps! A long slab of stone, that formed one side of the fireplace, had sunk to the level of the hearth, revealing a passage behind. This slab was worked by a pulley, since he could feel at each side the ropes by which it had been lowered; but without stopping to examine the mechanism, he entered the passage and moved forwards through the darkness, exploring the way before him with hand and foot in order to guard against possible precipitation down a flight of stairs. The sequel justified his precaution, for he soon found himself at the head of a flight of stone steps. He counted forty of them before he reached the level flooring of another passage. At the end of this faint light could be seen proceeding from behind a door that stood ajar. He concluded that the viscount had at last attained his destination, and was occupied on the task, whatever it was, that had brought him there.

Godfrey, drawing near, ventured to take a peep through the partly-opened door, and caught a glimpse of a large stone chamber, octagonal in shape. From its vaulted roof hung a lighted sconce. No window was visible, and, connecting this circumstance with the number of stairs he had descended, Godfrey was of opinion that it was a subterranean chamber. The floor was devoid of carpet, and the only pieces of furniture were a table of carved oak and four antique chairs of the same material.

Of the eight sides of the chamber one was occupied by the doorway where Godfrey stood; the other seven were severely pierced by recesses, the depth of which he was unable to ascertain, since the entrance of each was hung with a curtain of black velvet of such length that the silver lace fringing its feet touched the floor. The curtains draping two of the alcoves

were plain; the remaining five were adorned with lettering worked in silver thread. As he read the lettering by the light of the flame that burned in the antique sconce Godfrey, familiar though he was with death, dissection, and all that the non-medical mind regards as gruesome, could not repress some uneasy sensations. That silver lettering recorded the names and titles of the deceased earls of Ormsby, from Lancelot Ravengar, the first peer, to Urien Ravengar, the tenth.

Godfrey knew himself to be on forbidden ground. He was standing on the threshold of the secret burial vault of the lords of Ravenhall!

Ivar was in one of the alcoves, whither he had betaken himself with the cypress chest, but as the curtain concealed him from view, it was impossible for Godfrey to see what the viscount was doing. What Godfrey heard, however, was sufficiently alarming. From the recess came a recurrence of sounds that could be attributed only to the use of a screw-driver. There could be no doubt that Ivar was engaged in the work of removing one of the coffin lids, and Godfrey felt, moreover, that this act had some connection with the contents of the reliquary.

Was Ivar about to transfer the evidences of his guilt—for of his guilt Godfrey now entertained no doubt—from the reliquary to one of the coffins? There could scarcely be a safer place of concealment than a coffin contained in a secret vault, the entrance of which was known to four persons only. Yet this theory seemed precluded by the fact that a coffin constructed to hold one body would not suffice for two. Ivar could scarcely intend to carry off from the crypt the relics of one of his ancestors, since he would have the same difficulty in disposing of a dead earl as of less distinguished remains.

Suddenly there came from Ivar a cry, or rather a yell; he dropped the screw-driver, or whatever tool he was using, and thrashing aside the black velvet curtain, staggered into the vault and tumbled into a chair, where he sat for some moments, his eyes fixed in terror upon the alcove from which he had emerged.

"Bah!" he presently murmured. "What a fool I am! Yet I could swear I heard a whisper coming from the coffin. By God! what creepy work this is!"

A long pull at the spirit flask seemed to infuse new courage into him. He arose and moved again towards the alcove, though with somewhat slow steps.

As Ivar lifted the curtain Godfrey tried to ascertain what lay behind, but succeeded only in catching a glimpse of the reliquary, which stood on the floor with the taper-lit hat resting upon it.

The viscount picked up the fallen tool and resumed the task of screw-loosening. Then, after what seemed an age to the waiting surgeon, the screw-driver was dropped, and Godfrey became aware that Ivar had removed the coffin lid, for he had placed it on the floor in such a manner that one end of it projected beneath the curtain and appeared in the vault.

Godfrey was unable to tell what followed. Ivar's work, whatever its character, was performed in silence, and lasted a considerable time.

More than once Godfrey stole into the vault for the purpose of peering behind the curtain, but on each occasion he did not get beyond the table, the fear of detection restraining him from proceeding farther.

Then, moved by a sudden impulse, he took out his penknife, and turning to the alcove nearest the door, he quickly and silently cut a corner from the velvet drapery.

"This may be of service," he thought, thrusting the fragment inside his pocket. "If at any time it should become necessary to prove that I have stood in the secret funeral vault of the Ravens." Ivar's task was evidently coming to an end, for the coffin lid was now drawn from beneath the curtain into the alcove, and the peculiar sounds caused by the application of the screw-driver recommenced.

With their cessation Ivar reappeared from behind the curtain, wearing the taper-lit hat again, and dragging the chest, which, judged by the effort required for its removal, was in no way diminished from its former weight—a circumstance which puzzled Godfrey not a little.

He was preparing for flight, but as Ivar had seated himself in the chair again, he was tempted to linger a moment.

"Thank the devil that's over," said the viscount in a tone of satisfaction. "and I hope Lorelle will be satisfied."

"Lorelle?" murmured Godfrey with a start. "Lorelle! Surely he does not mean Mademoiselle Riviere?"

He had not time just then to consider this question, for Ivar, having drained the few drops that remained in the flask, was now extinguishing the flame in the sconce, preparatory to leaving the crypt.

Godfrey immediately stole off, and succeeded in reaching his room without detection. He went to bed again and slept soundly.

He awoke to find the sun glinting pleasantly through the diamond panes. The brightness of the morning had so cheering an effect on his spirits that he felt disposed at first to regard the event of the preceding night as the result of a dream. Then, his memory quickening, he thrust his hand beneath his pillow and drew forth a piece of black velvet edged with silver lace.

"It was no dream," he muttered, gazing at the relic. "I have really stood in the secret burial vault of the Ravens. What a story this will be for Beatrice!"

Godfrey was accustomed to make his sister his confidante in all things, but, somehow, upon reflection, he resolved, for the present at least, to maintain secrecy respecting Ivar's strange doings.

CHAPTER III.

IDRIS REDIVIVUS.

"Ivar has been at home two months, yet we have had no visit from him."

The speaker was Godfrey Rothwell, and the scene the breakfast room of his villa, Wave Crest.

"Why should he visit us?" asked Beatrice. "Ahem! as a suitor for your hand, in compliance with his father's wish."

"Ivar had better not insult me by such an offer."

"An offer of marriage can scarcely be called an insult, Trixie."

"It would be from him," returned Beatrice with a heightened color. "I speak what I know," she added oracularly. She began to pour out the coffee; while Godfrey somewhat puzzled by her words, turned to the letters awaiting him. No sooner had he glanced at the handwriting on the envelope of the first than he gave a great start.

"Heavens! have the dead returned to life?"

He hastily broke the seal and ran his eye over the letter, while the startled Beatrice awaited the explanation of his words.

"From my old college friend, Idris Marville."

"What?" cried Beatrice with a little scream of surprise. "Is he not dead, then? Did he escape the fire?"

"That's self-evident. There has been a dreadful mistake somewhere. He will prove that he is alive by paying us a visit. In fact, he will be here this very morning. Well, this is a surprise!"

"More—a pleasure," added his sister. Beatrice had never seen Idris, but she had often heard of him from Godfrey, and knew the painful story of his boyhood. She was aware, too, that on one occasion, Godfrey, being in pecuniary difficulties, had applied to Idris in preference to her father, and had received by return of a post a handsome check. The memory of this event was still fresh in her mind, and she was desirous of showing her gratitude to her brother's benefactor.

"He signs himself 'Breakpear,' I see," she said, glancing at the signature of Idris. "Yes; he has dropped the name of Marville, and has dropped his mother's maiden name. It is easy to guess his reason."

True to the promise contained in his letter Idris arrived that same morning, and Beatrice took a good view of him from behind the curtain of her bedroom window, as he strode up the garden path accompanied by Godfrey.

Twenty-three years had passed since that memorable night at Quailux, and Idris was now verging upon thirty—dark-eyed, handsome, athletic, with a face bronzed by southern suns. His appearance impressed Beatrice favorably.

"There is nothing mean or frowny about him," she murmured. The first greetings being ended, Idris sat down to a pleasant luncheon, presided over by Beatrice.

"Your name has been so often on Godfrey's lips," she said, "that you seem quite like an old friend, though I never thought to see you after the announcement of your death in the newspapers."

Idris smiled. "Perhaps I have done wrong in letting people think that I perished in the burning of the 'Hotel de Univers.' At the time of the fire I was at the opera house. On leaving I found the boulevard ringing with the news. I bought a newspaper and discovered my own name erroneously inserted among the list of victims. I resolved not to set the mistake right, for it suddenly occurred to me that here was a convenient opportunity to die—to the world. Wherever I went, the name Marville recalled my father's crime, or rather supposed crime. Let the world think that Eric Marville's son is dead, I thought, and let him begin life anew, under a different name."

"Was the yacht Nemesis, in which your father escaped, never heard of again?" asked Godfrey.

"It vanished, leaving not a trace behind."

"Strange! The news of your father's escape, together with a description of the delinquent vessel, would be telegraphed to all civilized countries. Every ocean steamer, every seaport, would be on the watch for the yacht, and yet you say it was never seen again."

"Its disappearance shows how well Captain Rochefort had devised his plans," Idris answered.

"Since your father did not communicate with you, his only son, it follows, almost as a matter of course, that he did not communicate with his more distant relatives?"

"His relatives, if he had any, are unknown to me; in fact, I am quite in the dark as to my father's antecedents. Among all his papers there was not one letter relating to his kinsfolk, nor any clue whatever to indicate his history prior to his settling at Nantes in 1866."

[To Be Continued To-morrow.]